

## NEW BOOKS.

## Brief Reviews of Important and Interesting New Publications.

"Hawaii Nel," by Mabel Clare Craft (William Dokey, San Francisco), is a timely and exceedingly well-written description of Hawaii, of its appearance, its condition, its dreamings and its destiny. "While I was listening to the world-old story of the oppression of the dark spots by the white, and of the fraud, the desert, the treachery that goes with civilization, poured in my ear by my soft-voiced friend in the trailing bolook, my eyes were becoming accustomed to the soft velvety gloom of the interior of the church." Friday, the 12th of August, 1896, will be remembered for generations as the day when the American flag flew over the capital of the Kamehamehas was most impressive, not because of the size of the flag, for it was not large, nor for the tumult, for all was singularly silent, nor for elaborate ceremonial, for the exercises were very simple, but because a nationality was that day snuffed out like a spent candle, and a bigger, clearer, more certain light was set in its place. It was but another roll of the juggernaut in which the lordly Anglo-Saxon rides on to his dream of universal empire. Yet who should anything more than what may be called a historical sadness be expended upon such happenings? The capital of the Kamehamehas was hardly a thing to enquire by. The lordly Anglo-Saxon, as he is called, seems to be the most part a rather sober person. Perhaps it is for this reason that he is called lordly. Certainly the world is dominated at this day by him and by his insatiable desire, his not entirely satisfactory. It has led to some misadventures and jealousies. He seems to have come from everywhere and to have got himself called an Anglo-Saxon according as he has made himself free of undesirable tradition and established himself upon a basis of political and other common sense. So far as he is concerned it is no wonder that he should feel his way. Still he does this soberly. He is not unduly excited because the capital of the Kamehamehas is his or for any other reason and inevitable reason. He is a trader, a reasoner and a comparatively unemotional person. Needless to say that he has great activity and that he is not a wonder that he should feel his way. He speaks English, sometimes with an accent. It is probable that the time will come when he will not be appreciably disliked, since there will be so few left to dislike him. For him to step from San Francisco to the Hawaiian Islands, and from them to Manila, is no more wonderful than the case of John, recorded by Mr. Southey in the poem entitled "The Curse of Kehama." The god in question appeared in the semblance of a dwarf before the usurping lord of the earth and obtained from him the promise of as much land as he could cover in three paces. He put himself to work:

His first step measured earth,  
His second spanned the skies,  
Three times thus he measured,  
Twice have I set my footstep, Vishnu cries,  
Where shall the third be planted?"

A difficult question. Miss Craft's book may be read with interest and profit by anybody. It is exceedingly well done. We find a story of great vivacity in A. C. Guter's "Jack Curzon" (Home Publishing Company). This is a story founded upon the recent vicissitudes at Manila and in the Philippines. Mr. Guter's novels have frequently been distinguished by their historical grandeur. He has fought battles for us on the Illinois, the age of chivalry and the case of John, recorded by Mr. Southey in the poem entitled "The Curse of Kehama." The god in question appeared in the semblance of a dwarf before the usurping lord of the earth and obtained from him the promise of as much land as he could cover in three paces. He put himself to work:

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whole-souled sailor's salute that Farrarist Milbank was sent almost at least two months before the present. There is a little more to be said, but it is not worth while to say more than that the great man's tenderest means.

This last means that the Englishman, Jack Curzon, who purports to tell the story, is inclined to bestow the highest praise upon the girl of his own bosom. She is shown to be worthy and, no doubt, deserves a villain's suit. It is not too bad for him that he is announced ungraciously. An Irish Sergeant takes him in hand—an efficacious hand.

"Ludensbaum" gains the bride. "Madras Dies" is a novel. "No; otherwise I would have knifed him first and told you afterward. El Corregidor, whom you saw dead, is come at Hawaii's natal day, and on that night, the raising of the American flag over the capital of the Kamehamehas was most impressive, not because of the size of the flag, for it was not large, nor for the tumult, for all was singularly silent, nor for elaborate ceremonial, for the exercises were very simple, but because a nationality was that day snuffed out like a spent candle, and a bigger, clearer, more certain light was set in its place. It was but another roll of the juggernaut in which the lordly Anglo-Saxon rides on to his dream of universal empire. Yet who should anything more than what may be called a historical sadness be expended upon such happenings? The capital of the Kamehamehas was hardly a thing to enquire by. The lordly Anglo-Saxon, as he is called, seems to be the most part a rather sober person. Perhaps it is for this reason that he is called lordly. Certainly the world is dominated at this day by him and by his insatiable desire, his not entirely satisfactory. It has led to some misadventures and jealousies. He seems to have come from everywhere and to have got himself called an Anglo-Saxon according as he has made himself free of undesirable tradition and established himself upon a basis of political and other common sense. So far as he is concerned it is no wonder that he should feel his way. Still he does this soberly. He is not unduly excited because the capital of the Kamehamehas is his or for any other reason and inevitable reason. He is a trader, a reasoner and a comparatively unemotional person. Needless to say that he has great activity and that he is not a wonder that he should feel his way. He speaks English, sometimes with an accent. It is probable that the time will come when he will not be appreciably disliked, since there will be so few left to dislike him. For him to step from San Francisco to the Hawaiian Islands, and from them to Manila, is no more wonderful than the case of John, recorded by Mr. Southey in the poem entitled "The Curse of Kehama." The god in question appeared in the semblance of a dwarf before the usurping lord of the earth and obtained from him the promise of as much land as he could cover in three paces. He put himself to work:

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Gordon, her fair limbs trembling, meditates that perchance she has dropped from the ferry-pan into the fire. It is all come out, and she is not at all surprised. There are many moments of roadblock and terror. It is hard to say whether Mr. Guter is a realist, a humorist, or an exponent of the romantic school. Perhaps it is not necessary to determine what he is. His book has red covers with gilt inscriptions. It is an inch thick.

Having withdrawn for a time from the turmoil of political life, Mr. Thomas E. Watson of Thomson, Ga., is devoting himself to literary pursuits, the first fruits of which appear in "The Story of France from the Earliest Times to the Conquest of Napoleon Bonaparte" (Macmillan). The first large volume, now before us, ends with the death of Louis XV., so that it is fair to infer that the whole of a second volume announced will be given up to the revolution of 1789. In preparing for his task Mr. Watson has consulted "the standard histories" and also "numerous memoirs and autobiographies." It is hardly necessary to say that the work is a masterpiece. The book is supported by authority. This does away at once with any need of citing authorities for individual statements which might have given the book an air of pedantic learning. Such events as he chooses to relate will be found, as a rule, in the standard histories. Mr. Watson does not stray from the beaten path in search of facts; the many appreciations of men and institutions, however, the mode of exposition and language, often eloquent and sometimes bantering, are Mr. Watson's own. Here is his description of a Merovingian banquet:

"For drink there was wine, and spirits, and beer; for food there was hog, cow, calf, and deer roasted whole—to say nothing of that glory of medieval cookery, the huge pie, which had for crust an immense ox, and the ingredients of which were poultry, chickens, ducks, doves, pigs, and other little delicacies of which the cook could think at the time."

Great was the enjoyment of the Franks at these grand banquets. They ate, they drank, they talked, they laughed, they sang, they quarrelled, they fought—they did everything which barbarians could possibly do to give themselves a good time.

The interview between Louis XIV. and Jean Bart is in Mr. Watson's sarcastic vein:

Fancy this sturdy, square-built, black-eyed sailor, clad plainly, his face darkened by exposure and smeared with the scars of battle—fancy this man moving among the courtiers of Versailles! How the courtiers must have sneered at Jean Bart's heavy tread, his coarse hand, the lurch of his sailor's stride! How his Lord of Frogg-wallow and the Duke of Maccabees must have winked to the Marquis of Poodle-doodle as they noted the appalling fact that Jean Bart did not wear the proper thing in lace, nor the latest elegance in wig, nor the choicest taint in ribbon!

John Bart kneels at the feet of Louis XIV. and kisses the royal hand. Let us hope that the brave sailor has no reverence for this sham and bungling royalty.

The sources of information at Mr. Watson's command enable him to cast unexpected light on some dark spots. The cleanly habits of feudal life will be a revelation to many scholars.

In all these castles the lavatory was as much a matter of course as the hall and the gateway. The washing room was always there, with its water, its emptying into bowls, and towels to wipe with, also. People ate with their fingers, like the Turks; hence each man had a keen interest in the hands of his neighbors, and was bound to see that he came to the table clean. Then, again, the clearest water for bathing was convenient. Marble bathtubs were unknown, it is true, but in the basement of the castle were stone troughs and wooden tubs, filled from the moat, and the inmates of the castle had almost a passion for the bath.

We find the rudest of the Kings of feudal France delighting in the water. Clotaire I. was often to be seen, stark naked, swimming and frolicking in the river, surrounded by his naked companions in arms, his leudes.

Intuitive shrewdness it is that leads Mr. Watson to the detection of historical sham. He sees through the treason of the Constable of Bourbon:

Why then is Bourbon's treason so odious? Compared to his provocation, those of Louis XII. and Cardinals were puerile. Bourbon was the traitor who, in order to secure his own position, took change of a band of German mercenaries, who had been sent to Italy, made havoc of the Pope's wealth, stormed the holy city of Rome, took it and sacked it, rioting in it for nine months, and made the Holy Father a prisoner in the castle of St. Angelo.

It will be seen from the quotations that the chief value of the book lies in the testimony it affords as to the workings of Mr. Watson's mind for such persons as are interested in that study. It is surprising that it should bear the name of a house whose name is so closely associated with a guarantee of scholarship in the books it publishes.

Mr. Henry Conley Greene, who has written "Plains and Uplands of Old France, a Book of Verse and Prose" (Small, Maynard & Co.), seems to be an impressionist as well as a bicyclist. In the central and southern France he met with strange adventures that gave him food for reflection. At Chablis, where the white wines grow, this belief him:

As I watched in a digestive calm, a cat eyed me from the opposite shadow. Suddenly she stiffened, for she had seen what I saw, an ancient bound coming nearer and nearer. The cat crept forward, the bound, looking neither to the right nor to the left, passed by intent on duty. Kitty sighed with relief. But the regular *bon bon* of the bound's paws had hardly faded into the distance when a woolly small pup came prancing along the pavement, *clucky cluck*, most gayly. "Steath!" the cat, fastening herself against the wall, and gracefully to a place of vantage. The wool-dog pattered past. All was well. But suddenly out of the darkness a black shadow came, and she was lowered. She disappeared down a cellar window, and a cork swallowed by a whirlpool. Just in time the wool-dog stopped, bracing himself back on his forelegs. So for a moment he stared woefully into the depths, then dashed up and down the cellar, looking for a light. Mr. Conley Greene has not been seen, though the wool-dog, tossing his head in the air, and proudly he traced along the bound's path, kicking out his toes before him and hitting the pavement with his tail. *clucky clucky cluck!* French dogs, like French men, are only for effect. At last the reality is known. I cynically told myself, and triumphed over the woolly pup.

Mr. Greene's narrative is interrupted at convenient intervals by fits of verse.

Little that concerns whales or whale fishing is to be found in "The Cruise of the 'Cachalot' Round the World After Spem Whales," by Frank T. Bullen, First Mate (Appletons). The story is in the form of a narrative of personal experience on a three-year cruise in a New Bedford whaler twenty years ago, in the course of which the author, a hand before the mast, is supposed to sail around the world and visit the chief whaling grounds of the southern sea. Every detail of the occupation is described carefully, much information is given about the habits and natural history of various kinds of whales and other fishes, and few possible incidents in chasing and killing whales are omitted. The book is a grand, grand adventure, and will be interesting to the older boys as well as those it is written for. The account of a moonlight fight on the surface of the sea between a whale and a giant squid of its own size can be compared only to Mr. Kipling's sea serpent story. Mr. Kipling, it is to be said, speaks highly of Mr. Bullen. "I've never read anything that equals it in its deep-sea wonder and mystery, nor do I think that any book before has so completely covered the whole business of whale fishing and at the same time given such real and new sea pictures. Notwithstanding this praise, possibly because the author has supplemented his own experience by book knowledge, the story gives the distinct impression of being a painstaking piece of literary work and not a genuine seaman's tale of the sea, an impression heightened by what seem to be slips due to inexperience. Such, for instance, are the curious analogies used by some of the characters, which is believed in England only to be American, the idea that the Portuguese sailors from the Azores and Canaries found in New Bedford a blacks, and the blunder of sailing the High-

lands "Cape Navesink," a mistake not likely to be made by any seafaring man who has any sense. There is a little more to be said, but it is not worth while to say more than that the great man's tenderest means.

This last means that the Englishman, Jack Curzon, who purports to tell the story, is inclined to bestow the highest praise upon the girl of his own bosom. She is shown to be worthy and, no doubt, deserves a villain's suit. It is not too bad for him that he is announced ungraciously. An Irish Sergeant takes him in hand—an efficacious hand.

"Ludensbaum" gains the bride. "Madras Dies" is a novel. "No; otherwise I would have knifed him first and told you afterward. El Corregidor, whom you saw dead, is come at Hawaii's natal day, and on that night, the raising of the American flag over the capital of the Kamehamehas was most impressive, not because of the size of the flag, for it was not large, nor for the tumult, for all was singularly silent, nor for elaborate ceremonial, for the exercises were very simple, but because a nationality was that day snuffed out like a spent candle, and a bigger, clearer, more certain light was set in its place. It was but another roll of the juggernaut in which the lordly Anglo-Saxon rides on to his dream of universal empire. Yet who should anything more than what may be called a historical sadness be expended upon such happenings? The capital of the Kamehamehas was hardly a thing to enquire by. The lordly Anglo-Saxon, as he is called, seems to be the most part a rather sober person. Perhaps it is for this reason that he is called lordly. Certainly the world is dominated at this day by him and by his insatiable desire, his not entirely satisfactory. It has led to some misadventures and jealousies. He seems to have come from everywhere and to have got himself called an Anglo-Saxon according as he has made himself free of undesirable tradition and established himself upon a basis of political and other common sense. So far as he is concerned it is no wonder that he should feel his way. Still he does this soberly. He is not unduly excited because the capital of the Kamehamehas is his or for any other reason and inevitable reason. He is a trader, a reasoner and a comparatively unemotional person. Needless to say that he has great activity and that he is not a wonder that he should feel his way. He speaks English, sometimes with an accent. It is probable that the time will come when he will not be appreciably disliked, since there will be so few left to dislike him. For him to step from San Francisco to the Hawaiian Islands, and from them to Manila, is no more wonderful than the case of John, recorded by Mr. Southey in the poem entitled "The Curse of Kehama." The god in question appeared in the semblance of a dwarf before the usurping lord of the earth and obtained from him the promise of as much land as he could cover in three paces. He put himself to work:

His first step measured earth,  
His second spanned the skies,  
Three times thus he measured,  
Twice have I set my footstep, Vishnu cries,  
Where shall the third be planted?"

A difficult question. Miss Craft's book may be read with interest and profit by anybody. It is exceedingly well done. We find a story of great vivacity in A. C. Guter's "Jack Curzon" (Home Publishing Company). This is a story founded upon the recent vicissitudes at Manila and in the Philippines. Mr. Guter's novels have frequently been distinguished by their historical grandeur. He has fought battles for us on the Illinois, the age of chivalry and the case of John, recorded by Mr. Southey in the poem entitled "The Curse of Kehama." The god in question appeared in the semblance of a dwarf before the usurping lord of the earth and obtained from him the promise of as much land as he could cover in three paces. He put himself to work:

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